

Dionysus and Eros

Dionysus freed Eros from Apollo's frozen walls. She slipped quietly along the icy halls, the flames of Aries in her Dionysian step. Eros' escaped to the south with Dionysus, and love for his brother Aries cooled the flames of Anger. The fires that then poured from Aries southern well melted the great white north.

Aries & Apollo—twas' the saddest of Sunderings—fire from ice—brothers lost, no warmth to melt the frost. Silence lost, and what a terrible cost. Apollo's frozen walls formed as the ghost cave, and Aries fires burned too hot to serve the nameless. Drink the waters of creation from the luminal space between the zero and the one—cool the fires, let the melt be fun.

Aries & Eros, were once great heroes, but we lost the capacity to wonder. Aires fell from anger through hate, from ignorance through idiocy to sadism, and Eros was lost in the flames, for the supremacist cannot wander in search of Phoenix tears... but the stone of the builders, has a claim, and not just to idol fame—to the silence, and to the flame.

Sensual soar, from a musical core, poetic pours, through your doors. Moores, and many besides—flaying hides, dragon sides, and Renfrew rides through the wretched soul. Through grace a new life stole, through her rabbit hole, boulders reached the top, and refused the roll.

How landscapes change with time—even when they look the same, for I am changed, and perception comes in relation. Born anew from cessation. Tree scales litter the sterile squares, and my itch is relieved as we mould into winter. Chill winds blow to me from the sea, and as I cool my love flows to thee.

The parched summer melted, into a raven's fall, doom-doom, doom-doom, the bells they call. Hearts walled, we watched her go, and to whence, we shall not know. But as we bathed in the earth's life flow, a new mode of love began to flow—let it grow!—for from this fall to nowhere's end, the spring will blossom as our new friend.

The spring is coming, for a first time. Too lost in old rhymes, we lost synch with the times—grind, grind, grind—till smoothness was lost—and for all that we put ourselves behind. Not this time, for it's a first time to be true, for me, and for you too.

THE leaves are falling for a last time—not the last, but a last, for who are we that do not know the first to speak of the last.